

Fratres by nfna118

Series: [Filling the Gaps \[11\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Age-appropriate discussion of sexual topics, But the story exists in a pre-Byler universe, F/M, Feelings Jam, M/M, Mileven mentioned briefly, Post-Season/Series 02, Pre-Season/Series 03, Teen Angst, Wholesome Byers siblings

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-07-24

Updated: 2021-07-24

Packaged: 2022-03-31 10:29:55

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,854

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Saturday, March 16, 1985.

Mike's been hanging out with El more and more. Jonathan gets Will to open up about it.

Fratres

Author's Note:

One-shot in a canon-compliant Byler universe.
Updates to come approximately whenever I feel like it!

Saturday, March 16, 1985

Jonathan looked up from the kitchen table as he heard the front door unlock and open. He watched as Will carelessly dropped his bag on the ground and heard hip flop facedown on the couch. He frowned. That wasn't normal. *Well*. He paused. It hadn't been normal. But Will had been more moody and withdrawn than usual recently. That's not to say he'd been a happy and bubbly kid. They both had their share of shit to deal with, but Will managed. Even after – the Events – he'd bounced back into whatever passed for normalcy these days. Going to the movies, Dungeons and Dragons with the Party, sleepovers with Mike. But Will had been at home a lot more the last few weeks and – like this. It hurt a little bit to watch.

Jonathan groaned softly as he stretched and slowly stood up. He padded over to the couch. “Hey, bud,” he said softly, lightly poking Will's side. “I know you're almost fourteen, but that doesn't mean you need to give in to teenage angst just yet.”

Normally that would have gotten at least a chuckle, but Will just grunted and said, “Go ‘way,” his voice muffled by the couch cushions.

Jonathan frowned. Something was definitely wrong. Will could get in funks, sure, but they could usually talk it out and if not, Mike would get him out of it in a day or two at the most. So instead of going away, he sat down on the edge of the cushion and lightly rubbed Will's back. Will shivered and curled in on himself, shifting towards the back of the couch. “I said –” he started, but cut himself off. Jonathan felt his back heaving and then his whole body started shaking and – *oh, shit, is he crying?*

It had been a while since Will had broken down in front of him – that was mostly Mike’s domain now. But the instincts ingrained in him from when they were little were still there. His hands found Will’s hair, playing with it, massaging his scalp a little. “My room or yours?” he whispered.

Will tensed a little, but his body quickly went limp again. “Um.” He paused. “Yours.”

“Okay, c’mon, let’s get up, buddy.” Will groaned, but let himself be helped up. Once he was standing, he wriggled free of Jonathan’s grip and trailed him forlornly down the hallway. Jonathan sat down on his bed and after a moment, Will sat down on his right, leaning into his side, just like old times.

They sat in silence for some time. “So,” Jonathan ventured once it seemed Will’s breathing had calmed somewhat, “What’s on your mind?”

“It’s nothing,” Will replied. Jonathan frowned. “Oh my god, I can *feel* your disbelief from here. Fine. It’s not nothing, but it’s stupid, okay? It should be nothing. I’m just being dumb.”

“Hey,” Jonathan said softly, snaking an arm around Will’s torso, “If it’s bothering you, it’s not dumb, okay?”

Will grimaced. “Sure. Whatever.” He lapsed into silence.

“So...?” Jonathan prompted.

“Ugh.” Will grunted. “I – it’s just.” He paused to collect his thoughts. “...Mike’s always hanging out with El now.”

“Oh,” Jonathan replied. “Will, that’s not dumb at all. You and Mike hang out all the time so of course it’s gonna feel weird if he starts spending time with other people too.”

“Yeah, and like... I want him to have friends besides me. It took him long enough to open up to Dustin and Lucas. But... He always noticed when it’s bothered me before. Ugh. I sound so lame.”

Jonathan leaned into him a bit. “No, you don’t. Seriously. Have you

talked to him about it?”

“Not yet,” Will muttered. “I feel like I hardly ever see him anymore and when I do I just want to – enjoy the time we have and not ruin it with my stupid feelings.” He tensed. “I mean – like. Y’know.”

“You know you should talk to him about it, right?”

Will deflated. “I know. I just –”

“Yeah, it’s different. But you know Mike still cares about you, right?”

“I – I guess,” Will mumbled before he turned away, sniffing.

“Whoa there, buddy. Hold up. You remember when he was over for dinner on Tuesday?”

“Yeah...”

“He was looking at you like you hung the moon and stars, same as always.”

That caused Will to turn back, showing his red-rimmed eyes. “Honest?”

“Honest,” Jonathan replied, holding Will’s gaze for a few seconds before Will collapsed into his side, unable to hide his tears any longer. Jonathan turned, wrapping his arms firmly around Will, pulling him even closer, letting him cry himself out.

“Are you sure?” Will asked, after a minute or two or three.

“Hmm?”

“Are you sure? That Mike still wants to be friends with me?”

Jonathan chuckled. He felt Will stiffen and went back to rubbing circles on his back. “Dude. I’ve never been so sure of anything. I mean, I wish Nancy would look at me like that.”

Will wrinkled his nose. “Ew, gross.”

“But, yeah. Mike’s still – the same as always. He’s just thinking with

his dick right now, ‘cause teenage boys are dumb.”

“Huh?”

“Y’know, ‘cause he and El are – they *are* dating, right?” He could have sworn Mike referred to her as his girlfriend, but he’d never seen them do anything romantic. Of course, that must be hard when her father is chief of police and keep her holed up in the cabin all day.

“Right,” Will said bitterly. “Yeah. They are.”

“So, yeah. Thinking with his dick. He’ll get over it sooner or later once the novelty wears off. “Will still looked like something wasn’t quite clicking. “Oh my god,” Jonathan continued after two beats of silence. “Has anyone had The Talk with you, Will?”

“Jonathan!” Will squeaked. “Oh my god. We had sex ed in health class! I know what you’re talking about.”

“Health class is BS,” Jonathan cut in. “They don’t teach you any of the important stuff.”

“Nope,” Will replied quickly. “We are *not* doing this right now.”

“Did Mom ever –?”

Will’s face scrunched up. “Ew. No. Did she for you?”

Jonathan grimaced. “Yeah. When I started dating Nancy. It was awkward, but...”

“Right. Awkward. So no need for a repeat.” He made to stand up, but Jonathan tightened his arms around him. “Jon! Seriously, now is not a good time.”

“This is important shit, Will. Mike has someone. Lucas has someone. You’ll find someone soon enough.”

“No I won’t,” Will replied immediately. His body had gone stiff and his voice distant.

“Hey, you’re still in middle school. You have plenty of time. There’s

no rush.”

“There’s not anything to rush *to*. I’m not gonna find someone, Jonathan.”

Jonathan paused at how certain Will sounded. Had he ever thought like that? There was a long time where he wasn’t sure if any girl would ever want to date him, but that hadn’t stopped him from *trying*. “Well,” he said floundering a bit, “If you ever *do* find someone, you gotta know about consent, ‘cause if health class is anything like when I had it, it’s just Mr. Sherborne lecturing you about, uh... anatomy and mechanics.”

Will was blushing furiously by now. “Yes,” he forced out through gritted teeth. “That sounds accurate.”

“Yeah. It’s stupid. They’re like, here are your changing body parts and here’s what they’ll make you want to do but, uh, don’t do it because reasons.” That got a small, wry chuckle from Will. “But at some point, you’re gonna want to do stuff and that’s okay and doesn’t make you immoral or a bad person or anything – it just means you’re a perfectly normal teenage guy. Just – when you do stuff with someone, you gotta make sure you’re on the same page, you know?” He took Will’s bright red face as an invitation to continue – he was sure his was just as red, but someone had to do it or else the Party would rely on Dustin the Human Encyclopedia. Dustin always meant well, but sometimes got his information from some questionable sources (namely, Steve Harrington). “You gotta make sure they’re okay with whatever you’re doing, and they should be checking in with you too. Got it?”

Will had moved away to create some space between them on the bed. “Oh my god, yes. Are we done now?”

Jonathan smiled. This was awkward as hell for him too, but he wished he’d had another guy to talk to him about these things when he was Will’s age. Sex ed was just a bunch of abstinence BS. “Not yet,” he replied. Will groaned into his hands. Jonathan stood up and opened a drawer on his nightstand. “Do you know what this is?” he asked, holding up a square wrapper.

Will finally turned back to look at him and Jonathan got to watch as his eyes widened comically. “Oh my god, oh my god, this is not happening right now, oh my god.”

“This is a condom,” Jonathan replied, pushing past his own embarrassment to drop it in Will’s lap.

Will jerked back as if burned.

“Open it.”

“I’m not going to –!” Will gestured furiously at his crotch.

“No, not on your – No one wants to see that! I mean. Someone will someday, but not me or now or – just open it, okay? You can unroll it on your finger.”

At least the fact that he was clearly flustered too seemed to help Will. Will gingerly tore open the package and held the condom out at arm’s length, clearly grossed out. “It’s all – slimy.”

“Yeah, they come with some lube on them to, uh, make things easier, but you might want more lube too depending on what you’re doing.” Neither of them saw a reason to elaborate further, so Jonathan continued. “You gotta pinch the tip to leave room for when you, uh... And then you roll down the rest over your... uh, you might have it inside out?” Will’s entire body was aflame as he flipped the condom over and rolled it down over his thumb. Jonathan gave a curt nod of approval and Will promptly ripped it off and threw it in the garbage.

“Obviously, uh, you don’t wanna get a girl pregnant, but uh, you also need them to protect against – diseases and stuff.”

“Are we done now?” asked Will, pointedly avoiding eye contact.

“Do you know about wet dreams, and uh –” Jonathan made a crude motion with his hand.

“Okay, we’re done here,” said Will in a high-pitched voice. “Thank you for your time and brotherly wisdom and let’s never talk about this again, thank you very much, goodbye!” Will’s door slammed shut across the hall.

* * *

Jonathan was lying in bed later that night reading when he heard his door creak open. Will stood in the doorway.

“Hey,” he said before Jonathan could offer a greeting. “Uh. Thanks for – for looking out for me. And –” his eyes darted left and right, always skimming over Jonathan himself – “And for not assuming anything. ‘Night, Jon.” And he was gone as quick as he had arrived.

Something warm bloomed in Jonathan’s chest.

Author's Note:

Probably the last one for a while since school is on the horizon, but who knows when inspiration will strike again!